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No 71.

THE REWARD OF CRIME,

—OR—

THE LOVE OF GOLD.

A DRAMA OF VERMONT,

IN TWO ACTS.

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W. HENRI WILKINS.

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—OR THE—

LOVE OF GOLD.

A DRAMA OF VERMONT,

IN TWO ACTS.

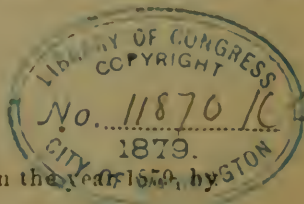
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With cast of characters, entrances and exits, Relative positions of the
Performers on the stage, Description of Costume, and the whole of the stage
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L 1879.

THE REWARD OF CRIME.

PS 635
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CHARACTERS:

Hazel Greene The Yankee Farmer.
Hart Hawkins The Lover.
Tim Gleason The Yankee Servant.
Simon Barrs The Murderer.
Brandon Coyle The Accomplice.

Clarinda Greene The Wife.
Mabel Greene The Daughter.
Rose Cranberry The Help.

—PERIOD 1865 to 1868—

COSTUMES.

Modern, with suitable changes in the different scenes

Time of representation—One hour and thirty minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT FIRST.—Scene First.—The Greene family—Mrs. Greene's suspicion of Simon Barrs—"Don't think me a fool wife," reference to the murdered son—"Should that time ever come, wife, I'd kill him if I could"—Surrender of Lee—Commencement of the salute—"Whoa! old mare"—"Let her vim: I'll pay the damage"

Scene Second.—The plotters—"If we can't do it one way we must do it another"—Unexpected entrance of Tim—"wait" Tim becomes master of ceremonies.

Scene Third.—The lovers—"Beware of Simon Barrs"—"Money, money"—"I'll be true to you forever"—A dish of apples and a drink of cider—A hit at the legislature of Vt.—A little unpleasantness between Tim and Rose—The Pledge of love—Some of Tim's experiences—"Idiot I'll hang you"—"Don't you so much as wiggle."

ACT SECOND.—Scene First.—Three years later—"Poor husband what a change has come over him"—Farmer Greene in the toils—"He loves her to destruction"—"He's rich wife, he's rich"—"Yes father I am that person"—"Hazel you've done a noble act—The farmers early recollections—"If I've come to my senses I'll act like a man."

Scene Second.—The storm—the villains at work—"Here's luck.

Scene Third.—Tim's soliloquy—The fatal letter—Rose as a pickpocket—"Kill me quick"—"I will never marry you"—Home from Austrailia—"Have a care Hawkins, that's hard talk"—"face your own music Mr. Barrs"—Confronted with the proof—"Men are you there?"—The response—Surrounded—Death of Simon Barrs.

Scene Fourth.—A fearful warning—"Our experience, wife has been dearly bought"—The murderer's explanation—"In the gold mines of Ballarat"—Rescue of the Gov. General in the streets of Sydney—Plenty of money and good luck—The knot—I'll be a different man—Celebrating the nation's birthday—The fathers request—and Epilogue.

The Reward of Crime.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST—*Kitchen of the Greene family—Table L. c. Fireplace R. c.—Hazel Greene, front, right of fireplace smoking, elbows on his knees—palm-leaf hat hanging against the wall R. c.—Mrs. Greene at table extreme L. c. knitting.*

Greene. (taking pipe from his mouth and spitting in fireplace) Seems tu me, Clarinda, that gal's gone a long while to the office. It's been now most tew hours, and if it wasn't sich a bright moonlight evening, I should begin to feel consarned about her. I hope she got my letter in.

Mrs. G. Never you fear Hazel, Mabel's used to the saddle and the old mare will bring her home safe. She's a smart girl, Hazel, if I du say it, and one of whom any father or mother may well feel proud.

Greene. So she is wife, so she is. And folks du say she takes after her old daddy, powerful, and that's what's the cause of it. (spits in fireplace.)

Mrs. G. That's your story Hazel, and I'm not disposed to argue. But I fear that Simon Barrs has been filling your ears with nonsense. By the way, husband, I think he's been paying a little too much attention to Mabel, for the last few weeks, and I like it not; for I believe he's bad. And besides if he is the man he would have us believe, I think he would cease his visits, when he knows she's engaged to Hart Hawkins.

Greene. That's prejudice, wife, nothing but prejudice. While I acknowledge that Hawkins is a good fellow, I still fail to see anything in him to worship, any more than in many other young men, and if Mabel wants to let Simon Barrs court her, she's got a perfect right to. And anything we say against it, won't help matters.

Mrs. G. But she doesn't choose to, and that's what's the matter, I can see that his attentions are not welcome to her. Nevertheless she tries to treat him in a lady-like manner.

Greene. Of course she does, Clarinda, and I believe she likes him best yet. Why, he's rich, and Hart Hawkins hasn't got a cent in the world.

Mrs. G. Hazel Greene! don't you judge a man by the clothes he wears, the rings he supports or the cane he carries; cause if ye do you'll get *alfredly* sucked in. As fer me, I'd rather have one of Hart Hawkin's old gloves, than the whole carcass of such a man as Simon Barrs. (spits in fire.)

Greene. (spitting in fire) More prejudice, wife, more prejudice. I tell you money's a handy article tu have, I find it so, and if ever I say a word to Mabel on the subject I shall speak a good word for Simon. But see here wife! I heard this afternoon that Hawkins was going a sea voyage, that he had obtained a place on board a merchantman, engaged in the coffee and indigo trade, and plying between Australia and some port on the coast of Europe.

Mrs. G. Why! husband, how you talk! When is he going?

Greene. (*spitting*) I think not until fall. I don't think he's got any very tender attachment that will prevent, and when he is once away you'll see Mabel won't think of him once a fortnight. She's always been a dutiful gal, and when she knows I've set my heart on a match between her and Simon, she'll consider it her duty to take my advice.

Mrs. G. But husband, would you command her to marry Simon Barrs if you knew she loved another?

Greene. Clarinda Green! what do you take me for? Don't think me a fool if I was raised among the backwoods of Vermont. Me *command* our Mabel to marry a man she hated? I'd die first. And did I not think this proposed match would be for the advancement of our daughter's happiness, I'd lock the desire close within my own breast. Or, did I once have a suspicion that Simon Barrs is any but the gentleman I take him for, I'd turn him from my door. (*spitting.*)

Mrs. G. I'm glad to hear you say so, husband; I feared the love of money was turning your head. But had you thought that it was eight years ago to-night, since our Frank was killed, shot down like a dog in the streets; and for what? Money! husband, money! And during all these years not a trace has been obtained of the hand that committed the awful deed.

Greene. (*spitting*) Oh, wife! how I have searched for the murderer of our dear boy. I never meet a stranger even now, without a momentary feeling of distrust. And during all these years the one prayer of my life has been to meet the monster face to face. I think that such a meeting, would for the time, turn this old heart to stone, and these arms into bars of steel. Should that time ever come, wife, I'd *kill him if I could*.

Mabel. (*outside, L.*) Whoa Fanny! (*calling*) Tim Gleason come here and take the old mare! Come, stir your lazy stumps!

Enter Mabel, L.

No mail father, but I've got something better.

Greene. Well, well! gal don't keep me waiting, out with it.

Mabel. Oh! father, Lee's surrendered his whole army, and the war is as good as ended.

Mrs. G. Well, well, that does beat all, tell us more about it.

Mabel. Yes, yes, mother. (*looking L.*) Where's Tim? Why don't he come and put up old Fan?

Mrs. G. He and Rose are out traipsin' 'round some'rs. She'll catch her death cold in sich weather.

Mabel. (*looking L.*) There they are now, out under the elm. Well, you see father, when I got down to the village, I saw little squads of men all around the streets and the flag at full mast on the common, and when I got to the office I learned the cause. I stopped to get all the information I could, but at last I heard the boys were going to fire a salute, in honor of the event; so thinks I to myself, I'd better be going, for I knew the noise would put the old mare in Yankee-doodle spirits. You'll hear it father, soon. When it's eight by the village clock.

Greene. The sooner the better child. This has been a long and bloody war wife, but at last victory is ours—we triumph in the right. (*pause, clock in room R., strikes eight, at its close a heavy gun is heard in the distance*) Hear that wife. Welcome sound. (*looking L.*) Whoa old mare! There, Tim's come to his senses at last.

Enter Rose, L.

Rose. What is it Mabel, more news? I heard a gun just now.

Mabel. Yes Rose, the glorious victory that brings to an end this bloody war. Oh, how I long for the return of the noble soldiers, who have periled their lives that we might enjoy our freedom. Does this sentiment find no approval in your heart, Rose?

Rose. (*striking her breast*) You bet it does!

Mabel. Why, Rose, what an expression.

Rose. Well, I don't care. There ain't no use of my trying to be high toned, for I couldn't if I would, and what's more, I wouldn't if I could. But I *do* love the soldiers and some that ain't soldiers. But come, Mabel, let's go up to our room and sit by the window and listen to the firing. Oh! it's a lovely evening. (*gun*) Hear that, will you. Come?

Mabel. Yes, Rose I will go. (*goes to door, R., stops and turns*) Why don't you come, Rose?

Rose. (*looking about her*) I do believe I've lost my handkerchief. Oh no, here it is. (*takes it out of pocket and snaps it—going R.*)

Greene. I declare Rose, what ye got on yer han'kercher? It smells wuss'n a skunk.

Rose. It's "Night Blooming Melancholy." Have some Mr. Greene? (*Snaps handkerchief in his face*) Come Mabel, I'm ready—"scoot".

(*both exit, L.*)

Mrs. G. I don't know what under the sun is going to become of that gal. You can't find her ecal in the whole state of Vermont.

Greene. Clarinda, I never heard you complain of Rose's not attending tu her duties, and as long as she does that, du let her have a little fun. I don't want any of these wooden headed, taller faced critters mopin' 'round me. (*gun*)

Enter Tim, L.

Tim. Say, Boss, what in thunder's the racket? What's the row down in the village? Shouldn't wonder if them rebs had got another darned lickin'.

Greene. Better'n that, Tim, better'n that. Old Lee has found out he was barking up the wrong tree, and has handed over his meat cutter to Gen. Grant, together with his whole army.

Mrs. G. I vum! I must see to my yeast or we sha'n't have any bread to-morrow! (*exit, R.*)

Tim. (*taking Mrs. Greene's chair and putting his feet on the table*) Well Boss, I'm glad the boys are comin' home. I've had more'n a dozen gals to beau 'round ever since the war commenced.

Greene. Well Tim, you've been quite reconciled to your fate, or I'm no judge.

Tim. That sounds bully. If I ever took anything, this would be one of them t mes. But I go on the temperance principle. Now I never had any particular hankerin' arter a man that sold rum or drank. There's Jin. Fletcher, he used to dish out pails-full of it over to Cornish, but since he's been keepin' the "Green Mountain House" up at Pittsfield, he dont sell a drop Yer see that's a temperance town, and the folks do say that's the best tavern they've had there for years. Now there's that Simon Barrs, and that Brandon Coyle, I've seen them lately, when I thought they's pretty well guzzelled. I tell you what 'tis, Mr. Greene, I don't think that Brandon Coyle is about here for any good. He's loungin' away his time down to the hotel, and once or twice he's been over to the diggin's pretendin' he's prospectin' fer gold, and between you and I, Boss, I believe he told the truth. But depend upon it, he's lookin' fer the manufactured article, and my opinion is, he'll take it wherever he can find it.

Greene. Well, Tim Gleason—bless your honest heart—my opinion is you've got a wrong idea in regard tu them two gentlemen. You know prejudice goes a long way Tim, that's what I tell Clarinda. (*gun.*)

Tim. What in fury is he hangin' 'round here fer duin' nothin'? And there's Barrs, my opinion is, he ain't much better. I tell you what 'tis boss, I'd like tu hav' 'em both yoked up and hitched tu a side-hilled plow, down on the medder bymely. I'd like tu drive em tu break up about an acre'n a half.

Greene. Tim Gleason, you have your 'pinion, and I have mine—which both on us has a perfect right tu. But really I don't think you speak of those gentlemen in sich a manner as gentlemen should be spoken of.

Tim. Them's my sentiments exactly, and if I had the least idea they wa'n't regular devils I'd swaller every word I've said—I would I swan! But, say, Mr. Greene don't you think Simon Barrs is gettin' pretty numerous 'round Mabel?

Greene. Well, what of that?

Tim. Nothin' only I thought I'd tell ye.

Mrs. G. (from back c. calling) Come Hazel it's gettin' tu be most bed time, and you know you've got tu bile that sap tunorrer.

Greene. Yes Clarinda, I'm a comin' *(gun)* That's a good one. Such music as that will sooth me tu sleep, I know. *(exit, c.)*

Tim. (getting up) Now the case stands just like this, zactly. Brandon Coyle and Simon Barrs are tew miserable scamps—Barrs in particular, and I'm goin' tu keep an eye open for him. He's soft soaped old Greene over pretty slick; but 'twout work on me 'cause I don't use soap. He means tu get a slice of the old man's money and Mabel into the bargain. But he can't du it. *(strikes his hands together)* Mabel hates him, and I hate him, and if he goes to swellin' round her much more, I'll "pull down his vest" for him. Hart Hawkins, he's goin' tu Australia. That's bad 'cause he's sot his life on Mabel Greene and if it wan't fer pride and poverty he never'd go. But I a'n't goin' tu stand 'round and see any underhanded business goin' on. If it was my case and that varmint was after Rose, you'd see me tear 'round some. Well, I s'pose it's 'bout bed time. *(hangs up his hat, as the scene closes he is removing coat and boots)* But a feller can't sleep much its so darned noisy. *(gun)* Let her bim, I'll pay the damage.

CURTAIN.

SCENE SECOND—*Two months later—Coyle's room in the Kedron Hotel—Coyle and Barrs seated at table, front, c., on which are bottles and glasses—Coyle in his shirt sleeves and slippers, is filling up glasses.*

Coyle. Take a drop partner, then I'll listen to a recital of your plans. Do you think old Greene will swallow our bait?

Barrs. That depends upon how we play our cards. *(both drink)* With the plan I propose, I think we will be able to get our fingers on some of the old man's money, and also work ourselves into the good graces of the two girls.

Coyle. I have serious doubts there Simon. Perhaps Greene's gal will allow you to make love to her; but that Rose Cranberry is a regular little wild-cat.

Barrs. You are faint hearted now Coyle. I tell you we will accomplish our desires. If we can't do it one way, we must do it another. That's too good a chance to let slip. It will take time Bran, but we can afford to wait, for if our little game succeeds—and it must—we'll rake in a nice little pile. In the mean time I shall have to draw on you for funds, and to tell the truth I'm getting in pressing need of them, for I must make old Greene think I've got oceans of money.

Coyle. Of course Simon—call on me, I've got a few shiners left.

Barrs. I sha'n't be bashful, it isn't like one of my nature. By the way, I don't think I've been overwell paid for the several little jobs I've done for you, especially, Brandon Coyle, the one I finished in this section eight years ago. I tell you what 'tis partner, that took courage as well as patience.

Coyle. So it did Simon, you did it slick too. You covered your tracks as completely as if they had been made on the bottom of the ocean. Fill up your glass Simon, I'll do the square thing by you, never fear. Besides, you ought to be satisfied with Mabel Greene, she's the one who has got the

money, while the Rose you've left me has nothing but thorns. (*both drink*)

Barrs. You see Coyle, the night I settled Frank Green's account, every thing was in my favor. At the time old Greene was largely engaged in the butter speculation. I knew he was expecting the money in payment for a large shipment he had made a few days previous. I saw Frank Greene go to the express office. I followed. I saw him come out and place a package in his breast, I dogged his footsteps. The night was black as ink. I overtook him at the cross roads and—well you know—I got a cool thousand. What if the little beauty, his sister, knew of this interesting chapter in my history: wouldn't these parts be warm for me? Ha, ha, ha!

Coyle. Have a care Simon, walls have ears sometimes. But, come, away with all this! Let me know what you propose to do in the approaching campaign.

Barrs. First I must manage to get a hold on the old man's money bags; then I fancy the other matter will be comparatively easy. To do this I must have plenty of manufactured security. With my notes and stocks in the Sugar River Rail Road, and a good story of the wonderful benefits to be derived from an investment in the Michigan Copper Mining company, I imagine the old yankee will swallow the bait with very little chewing.

Coyle. But you forget, Simon, there's a suspicious pair of eyes in that Tim Gleason's head; and then there's Hawkins, he despises you as he does the Evil One himself.

Barrs. What ails you to night Coyle? Where's your backbone? Do you think I'd let such an idiot as Tim Gleason, block my path? As for Hawkins, he's soon to sail for Australia and when once he's away I'll take good care that he doesn't visit Vermont again in a hurry, and I'll place a gulf between him and Mabel Greene, wider than the Atlantic ocean itself. (*rises and fills both glasses*) Here's to your health, Brandon Coyle, and to the success of our little undertaking. May the day be not far distant, when the beautiful Mabel Greene shall become the wife of Simon Barrs (*both drink*)

Enter Tim, R.

Tim. What'd er say? (*Coyle, L. C. Barrs, C. Tim, R. C.*)

Coyle. (*aside—advancing to front, L. C.*) Heavens! He's overheard our conversation. (*appears confused*)

Barrs. Sir, why do you enter here in this uncereemonious manner?

Tim. Well, I didn't know but what you'd like to come up and help the boss hoe out them taters. Help's scarce, and he needs some one powerful bad, (*aside*) and I thought you's as bad as any one. (*slaps back of his hand*) Confound them merskeeters.

Barrs. What's all this to me?

Tim. Nothin' only I thought I'd tell ye.

Coyle. It is generally customary to knock before entering a gentleman's room.

Tim. I always do squire, whenever I find 'em.

Coyle. Do you mean to insult me?

Tim. Oh, no squire, I don't know enough fer that.

Barrs. Come, come! Coyle no words here. (*aside to Coyle*) Wait! (*to Tim*) Will you take a drop Mr. Gleason.

Tim. Well, I don't care if I don't. (*slaps his face*) Darn them pesky critters they'll swaller a feller whole pretty soon—I never make a practice of drinkin' any thing stronger'n old cider; but when you come to raw whisky, a man as is a man won't touch it.

Coyle. (*starting*) Say that again and I'll knock you down.

Tim. Oh, go soak yer feet. (*Coyle makes a dive at him, Tim catches him by the collar, at the same time tripping and throws him on floor, C. flat on his face Barrs then straightway attacks Tim, who plants a blow on his breast, knocking him down, as he falls he strikes the prostrate body of Coyle and falls across him at nearly right angles. As Barrs turns on his face to get up, still lying across*)

Coyle's body, Tim jumps on the back of Barrs and standing there says) Let her him I'll pay the damage.

QUICK CURTAIN.

SCENE THIRD—*Room same as in Scene first—Hawkins and Mabel seated at table centre of stage.*

Hawk. Mabel, remember it is for your sake that I have determined upon this undertaking, and which I trust in the end will be for our mutual advantage.

Mabel. If it is for my sake Hart, then stay at home. Think of the dangers which beset your path in such an undertaking as this. Pardon me Hart, but it's naught but your foolish pride which prompts you to this action.

Hawk. Foolish or not, Mabel, I have weighed the subject well in all its bearings, and have made up my mind in accordance with my honest convictions of what is best. My love for you would bid me stay; but my duty to you bids me go. And Mabel as this evening is our last before I depart let it not be a gloomy one.

Mabel. I'll try, but my heart is far from gay. Three years you know is a long time to wait, and the thought of these many dreary days, fills my soul with misgivings. Look well to yourself, Hart, and beware of Simon Barrs, for unless I am a poor judge of human nature, he is a bad man, and how my father can be so blinded by his flattering ways, I can not understand. Why, the very sight of that man, causes a chill to my heart, and why it is I know not, for he is always smiling and pleasant. But friend or foe to me, depend upon it he's an enemy to you.

Hawk. I am well assured of that, Mabel, dear, and you as well as myself know the reason why. He imagines I stand between you and him—that were it not for me he could marry you. Mabel his greatest favor in your father's estimation is his money. Strip him of his supposed wealth, and your father's estimate of him would be brought to a level with that of many other young men of his acquaintance—Hart Hawkins for instance.

Mab. Money, money! that word has been rung in my ears so often that I almost hate the very sound of it. While I must admit, partially, the truth of what you say, I yet believe my father respects you as a man or he never would have given his consent to our engagement. Yet I cannot deny that a large bank account to my father's mind is an absolute necessity for a young man engaged in any of the active duties of life.

Hawk. What such a scheming villain, as I believe Simon Barrs to be, will resort to I know not; but of this much I am well aware. He will never give up his base intentions as long as he thinks there is the least possibility of turning the tide of circumstances in his favor. Mabel, my greatest anxiety, while I am away, will be, that you will become a victim of his evil persecutions. Whether, or not, you will be true to me I need not ask.

Mab. Dear Hart, whether living or dead, I'll be true to you forever. *(bows her head on her hand)*

Enter Rose, R., with waiter, on which is a dish of apples, plates, knives, etc.—Placing waiter on table.

Rose. Aren't them beauties? Which will you have, Mr. Hawkins—sweet or sour? Why, I declare! how lonesome you do look. And Mabel, too. But, come try these. *(pushing a plate of them towards him, and filling the other plates)*

Hawk. Thank you, Rose, I know they are splendid.

Rose. How can you tell before you try them?

Hawk. (smiling) By the looks of them, Miss Rose. Now, the first time I ever saw you, I knew you were good.

Enter Tim, R., with a pitcher of cider, and glasses.

Tim. (at door, R.) And I can swear tu that, 'squire, coz I've tasted uv her.

Rose. (throws an apple at him, which he manages to dodge) *Tim Gleason, stop your noise. (Tim advances to table, fills glasses—Mabel takes a plate of apples—Rose does the same, and sits in chair, extreme L.)*

Hawk. What have you there, Tim?

Tim. Cider. Hev a drop, Mr. Hawkins? Help yourself, and drink all ye want. (during the following, Tim takes an apple, drinks a glass of cider, goes to extreme L. back, brings a chair to extreme R. front, and sits down) Now that's purty good stuff tu chop wood on, and I purtend to say, it does a feller good, 'though I've hern folks tell about gettin' swizzeled on cider; but I don't believe aword about it; but sometimes folks hev curus ideas about certain things. Now, I don't believe a whole pail-full of cider would effect me one darned hooter. (Mabel and Hawkins are eating and drinking and engaged in fragments of conversation, in a low tone and exchanging smiles and significant glances, as Tim is talking) Some ov them critters in the Legislater up tu Montpelier, tried tu git a bill passed compellin' a man tu drink his own apple-juice, and making it a crime tu sell or give away cider after it was thirty days old; but the bill did not pass.*

Rose. Yes, and some old fogey introduced a bill for the protection of skunks.*

Tim. Probably the old fool never had any experience with one ov them quadrupeds. Say, Rose, don't you remember that night when I's comin' home from the village; down there by them elder-berry bushes, I see something runnin' along in the ditch: so I grabbed a rail off from the fence and—

Rose. Tim Gleason, we can dispense with that experience.

Tim. That's what I thought; but the skunk didn't seem to think so. (goes to table, drinks, continues eating apples all the while)

Mab. Rose, are not these apples delicious?

Rose. Bully.

Mab. Rose Cranberry! What did you say?

Rose. I used a slang phrase, and I said it before I thought; but it's just like me. Pray, excuse me, Mr. Hawkins.

Hawk. O! certainly, Miss Rose.

Mab. Tim, where are father and mother? Perhaps they would have come in.

Tim. No, I told yer pa, and he said, no, he'd read a spell and then go tu bed. Yer ma, she was slicin' apples fer a dumplin' tu-marrer, and said she would not come in tu night. She wanted me to give her best wishes tu Mr. Hawkins, and Oh, Mabel! I like tu forgot, she said she wished you and him tu meet her in the parlor for a short time. I tell yer what, Mabel, I know what's the matter. She'll wait 'till your pa's abed, coz she's somethin' particular tu say tu Mr. Hawkins.

Mab. Very well, Tim. If you will excuse us, I think we'll go now. (rises) Come, Hart, father is probably in bed, or will be soon, and I am very anxious that mother shall see you. (Hawkins rises)

Tim. Oh! never mind uz, Miss Mabel. Rose and I will try and pass away the rest of the evening someway. Good night, Mr. Hawkins, I'll see you off to-morrow. (Hawkins and Mabel exit, R.) It's somethin' about them two miserable cusses down tu the hotel. (comes back to chair) They're tryin' tu play some game on the old man, pretendin' they're interested in the Michigan Copper Mining Company and lots of other big soundin' humbugs. They've been workin' their way into Greene's favor, all summer. Mrs. Greene sees through their mask of deceit; but her husband won't hear a word to any one. He thinks they are the very models of perfection. I think they are the very models of deviltry! Hazel Greene, look out for

yer money. Hart Hawkins, look out fer yer girl. Tim Gleason, gather your Cranberries.

Rose. Tim, what nonsense are you getting off now?

Tim. I was thinkin' I'd got tu keep an eye on Brandon Coyle. The villain's got an idea he's goin' to coop you, Rose.

Rose. Let him dare open his mouth to me, and I'll give him a piece of my mind, "you can bet your stamps on that."

Tim. That's the right kind of spirit, Rose. (*aside*) By gosh, ha'n't she got the giuger! (*aloud*) Come, bring your chair over, side uv mine, an' let's have a little sociability together.

Rose. Not much! I like you well enough; but I a'n't goin' tu foller you around, 'or any other man.' If you want my company, come where I am.

Tim. I ha'n't never made it a practice tu run arter the gals, and I don't think I'll commence now.

Rose. Stay where you are, then, I'm willing.

Tim. So be it. I can stand it if you can

Rose. If you didn't want me, what did you say so for?

Tim. I didn't.

Rose. I say you did.

Tim. (*rising*) Let it be distinctly understood, that I didn't say so. (*sits*)

Rose. What did you say, then?

Tim. I told you to take your chair and bring it over here, side uv me—I wanted it to rest my feet in.

Rose. Tim Gleason, you are the sauciest man I ever saw.

Tim. I don't commence with you—Nuisance! you are nothin' but sass, an' sour sass tu.

Rose. Will you please explain yourself, sir? What do you mean?

Tim. I had reference when I spoke, tu Cranberry sass.

Rose. Tim Gleason!

Tim. Yes, that's me—Timothy Hucklebuster Gleason.

Rose. Do you know what you're talking about? That's an insult, (*rises and stamps her foot*) and don't you dare repeat it;

Tim. Sho! then I won't; but I tell you what I will do: I'll meet yer half way. Let's not have any hard feelings.

Rose. Now you are comin' to your senses. (*both bring chairs to c., at L. of table—Tim fills two glasses with cider*) Let's have a good talk together.

Tim. Well then, this mess of gab, you don't call talkin, du ye? But come, (*hands glass*) I ask yer pardon. Will you pledge me your love in a glass uv this? (*takes other glass*)

Rose. With pleasure. (*holds up glass*) Here's to my love in the sparkling glass.

Tim. (*holding up glass*) May I ever be fond of Cranberry sass. (*both drink*) I swow that's good. Come, my dear, let's sit down and have a little "teter-te-te." Hadn't ye better take another apple? I swan, I guess I will. (*takes one and goes to eating it*) I allers did like apples. I'm darn'd glad we're goin' tu hev an apple dumplin' to-marrer; there's nothin' I dote on more'n them. Mrs. Greene, she makes 'em purty fair; but she can't quite come up tu marm. She used tu take a hull pan full uv flour, with sallyratus, sour milk, kerosene and all them fixins. Then she'd take a hull staek uv apples an' roll into it, and bile it in a big piller case, then take it out smokin' hot and pour a hull lot uv liniment over it. I tell you what 'tis Rose, it makes putty homstaeknos eaten'.

Rose. To judge by your description any one would think that eating apple-dumplings is the height of your ambition.

Tim. Well, it a'n't: there's a good many other things I hanker arter. Firstly and foremostly, I like you, Rose. (*puts his arm around her and kisses her*)

Rose. Of all this world! Tim Gleason, don't you dare do that again.

Tim. Never a rose without a thorn. You a'n't a bit like cousin Minnie— (*slaps his face*)

Cousin Minnie, she lives up tu Sherborn, and it's the darndest place tu git tu, you ever see in the world. It begens tu snow there, right arter hayin' time, and blows like a hurricane all winter and don't go off 'til the corn begins tu cum up in the spring.

Rose. Do you expect any one tu believe that?

Tim. Pow can I tell 'til I try 'em? But it's a fact, when I was comin' down the mountain, I froze both ears harder'n a flint, an' cousin Minnie, she thawed 'em out with milk and water, then arter that, we sot down tu supper; but I couldn't eat only seven or eight warm biscuit, my ears smarted so. In the evenin' we all played keerds, and mighty! Cousin Minnie and I cleaned out everything that tackled us.

Rose. Well, I declare! that Cousin Minnie, as you call her, must be a wonderful creature.

Tim. You're right there; but you needn't worry, Rose, I a'n't forgettin' you. Say, give me another smack, will you?

Rose. O, Tim! aren't you ashamed?

Tim. (*kisses her*) Not a mite—I wouldn't mind a dozen just like 'em. (*knock heard L.*) Oh thunder! Say, Rose, shall I let 'em in?

Rose. (*jumps up*) Of course. Why don't you go and see who it is?

Tim. I don't care. (*knock*) Come in.

Enter Simon Barrs.

Barrs. Good evening, Mr. Gleason. I beg to be excused for intruding upon you at this late hour; but I would like to see the master of the house. Ah! pardon me Miss Cranberry. Good evening. (*extending hand*)

Rose. (*turning scornfully away and waving him off*) No sir, I decline the honor.

Barrs. But Miss Cranberry, surely—

Rose. O—h bother!

Tim. (*unbuttoning his coat—in a loud whisper.*) Rose if you say so, I'll lick him in half a minute. (*buttons coat*)

Barrs. Surely, Miss Cranberry, I have never given you cause for such conduct.

Rose. Simon Barrs, if you have any errand, please state it. (*going R.*) You will please excuse me. (*exit R.*)

Barrs. I repeat, Mr. Gleason, can I see your master?

Tim. I suppose you can if you go where he is.

Barrs. (*aside*) I will have to humor this fellow. (*aloud*) Will you take me to him?

Tim. Yes, and another chap just like you. (*about to take him in his arms*)

Barrs. Come, come, that's a good joke; but tell me where I can find Mr. Greene.

Tim. Sha'n't du it.

Barrs. Then I must find him without. (*goes R.*)

Tim. (*unbuttoning clothes as before*) See here, squire, don't you remember, I paid you a short visit down tu the Kedron hotel, last spring?

Barrs. (*aside*) I do to my sorrow. (*aloud*) Well, well, that's long past, I don't bear any malice on that score. (*aside*) How shall I manage this fellow? (*aloud*) But really I must see your master. My business is of importance.

Tim. So's his'n.

Barrs. What is he doing?

Tim. Snoring, most likely.

Barrs. Idiot! I'll brain you. (*starts for Tim who squares off—Barrs hesitates*)

Tim. Well, that's what you're most in need uv. (*Tim advances, Barrs backs off*) Say, do you want to pawn any superfluous hide, over your eye?

Barrs. (*starting—clenches his hands—leans forward*) Fool! you have been a stumbling block in my path long enough. I'll put an end to your career at once. (*makes a movement to his breast as for a revolver—Tim anticipates*)

the movement and quickly draws one from his own pocket and presents it to the face of Barrs before he gets his hand on his own.)

Tim. Not quite so fast. Do you see that? Don't ye so much as wiggle. Hand over that speakin' trumpet, quick! Do ye hear? Or I'll let yer bars down mighty sudden. (*Tim advances—Barrs hands him his revolver, with it Tim points to door, L.—Barrs dodges*) Villian! Fiend! Monster! Boa Constrictor! there's the door, WIGGLE!

TABLEAU.

TIM, R. F.

BARRS, C. B.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Three years later—Kitchen of the Greene family, same as act first scene first, with a few changes of picture, furniture &c.—Hazel Greene at fireplace, R. C., with newspaper and candle, reading very intently—Mrs. Greene, extreme L. C., picking over beans, candle burning on table beside her.*

Mrs. G. (soliloquising) Poor husband! what a change has come over him within the last three years. Over work and anxiety is fast wearing him out. As soon as his day's work is done, he takes his paper, and his whole attention is taken up in reading the stock reports, until he goes to bed. Day after day, night after night, whether sleeping or waking, his whole mind seems to be centered on money matters. He watches the fluctuations of the stock market with a feverish anxiety; until I begin to have fears that his reason will be shattered. And Simon Barrs is at the bottom of it all. That man seems to have my poor husband completely in his power; but how much of his money he has succeeded in getting, I cannot tell. And my poor Mabel: between the pleadings of her father and the untiring persecutions of Barrs, not one moment's peace of mind has she enjoyed since Hart Hawkins left us nearly three years ago. Poor Hart! what has become of him? Not one word from him since he went away! What can it mean? Surely if he is living we should have heard from him in some way. What did Mabel mean by telling him to beware of Simon Barrs? Can it be that there is some secret gnawing at her heart, which she has not revealed? Does Simon Barrs know anything about the mysterious silence of Hart Hawkins? Has he dared threaten our Mabel? If I thought—but no Hart Hawkins is perhaps lost to us forever.

Greene. (reading to himself) One-hundred-and-twenty shares at twenty-eight per cent. advance from last quotation. That's good. I always knew there's money there, and depend on't, Hazel Greere, they're goin' higher. I wish I had a thousand or two handy, I'd make a venture there; but still, I've no cause to complain. My investments are paying heavy interest now. I let Simon have five thousand dollars, two years ago, and over. That's paid me ten per cent. every year, and the other day I let him have another five thousand. I hope to make him one of the family before long. Simon's sharp; he knows how to get money.

Mrs. G. Ah husband! but are you sure it's perfectly safe?

Greene. (starting and turns chair partially) Eh, wife! you here? Safe! What, do you think I'm blind! Hasn't Simon always met his payments promptly? He's as solid as any bank in Vermont.

Mrs. G. I wish I could feel sure of it Hazel; but ten thousand dollars is a large sum to place in any man's hands. I hope it's all right husband; but I have my doubts.

Greene. That's just the way with you. You're always mistrustin' somethin' 'bout everybody. Simon never gave us cause to doubt him, did he, Clarinda? Besides, I've got good security for more'n double the amount.

Mrs. G. But why does he force his unwelcome attentions upon Mabel? If he had been a gentleman, he would have left her in peace long ago. Certainly he knows his protestations are distasteful to her.

Greene. Clarinda, Simon loves the gal to destruction, and she'd consented to marry him, long ago if it hadn't been for you.

Mrs. G. He loves her to destruction, more likely; but husband did you not sanction her engagement to Hart Hawkins.

Greene. Well, what if I did. He's dead long ago. Or, if he is alive, he's as dead to her, or she would hev heard from him, and besides it's time she was gettin' married, Clarinda, an' Simon 'll make her a good husband. He's rich wife, he's rich.

Mrs. G. Is money the one great essential for a man in this world, Hazel? Do bags of gold overbalance the weighty sins of a wicked man? I believe husband, that money is getting to be your Evil Genius, and that Simon Barrs will never be content 'till Mabel is in his power, and every cent of your fortune is under his control; but rather than see our daughter wed to him, I would go forth penniless, into the streets, and beg my living from door to door.

Enter Mabel L.—stops.

Greene. (comes forward) I tell you what, wife, the world may profess to dispise money; but a brute who has it, receives more honor than a good man without it. Money is the missing link that joins respect to the respectable.

Mab. But father, granting what you say to be true, is it right? Should we ignore the noble and God-given qualities in a person, because of their poverty? Again: should we reverence a man around whose name, there rests a cloud of darkness, although he be the possessor of a mountain of gold? No, never! we should not base our opinion of a person by the outside appearance which he presents to the world. All the true, the noble and heaven-born principles which constitute the true man, lie within.

Greene. Well, well, child, we were speaking of Simon. Is there a person who can speak the truth and say a word against his character?

Mab. Yes father, a thousand times yes. I am that person. Father I tell you now, as I have told you many times before, that Simon Barrs is a wicked man. I have told you, I did not love him; I tell you now, I *hate* him, and will never marry him. I am sorry to disobey you, father; but sometime you will see your mistake in giving him encouragement, and believe me, father, the time is not far distant, when the true character of that man will be shown to the world—blackier than Egyptian darkness.

Mrs. G. (to herself) I'm proud to be that girls mother.

Greene. Oh, Mabel! I can't believe what you say. I know you're not light headed. I know you don't speak in this way without a weighty reason, but I can't believe that he is as bad as you would have me think. No, Mabel, I will not compel you to marry this man. I once made a vow, I'd die before I'd force you to marry a man you did not love. Well as I like money, I'll never sell my own daughter to gain it.

Mab. Oh, bless you, father! you know not the comfort those words give me.

Mrs. G. There, then that job's done. I must go and put 'em to soak. (takes beans—goes to *Greene*) Hazel, you've done a noble act, and no one will bless you more than I. I have feared that gold was the curse of your life. I am glad your eyes are opened at last. (puts arm around him—kisses him—exit, R.)

Greene. (smiles) Ah, Mabel, your ma's growing young again.

Mab. And so am I father, I hav'n't felt so happy for years. (kisses him—exit R.)

Greene. (pauses—meditates. C.) Am I a fool? No; but I've acted like one. That kiss of my dear old wife, and her happy smiling face, awakened recollections, which have slumbered for years while I in my greedy thirst for

gold have been dead to all tender emotions. It awoke within me the memory of earlier days, when I was young. Yes, and to the time when I hadn't a cent in the world. When my dear old wife—God bless her—saw fit to link her fate with mine. I forgot that I was poor once. Let Simon Barrs be good or bad, I'll encourage him no more. Will he prove false to my trust when he learns the truth? Has he blinded my eyes and caught me in my own trap? No; I cannot believe it; but what matters it to me? If I have been a fool I'll bear the consequences like a man. Ten thousand dollars is a large sum to loose; but the old farm's left and I'm getting old. Soon I shall be where the value of gold is unknown. The old place is good for another ten thousand, and Mabel will have it all when I am gone. But what am I saying?—Simon 'll pay—Simon 'll pay; but if 'tis lost, I've enough left, and to spare. Death may foreclose his mortgage on me; but he can't touch the old farm. exit s.

CURTAIN.

SCENE SECOND—*Kedron Hotel, nearly same as Act first, Scene first—Brandon Coyle pacing up and down the room—as curtain rises thunder is heard.*

Coyle. Can anything have happened? Simon should have been here this morning, and it is now after eight o'clock. Can there be trouble? No, surely not. Simon don't know what trouble means. I wish this confounded business was ended, and it must be soon. We've managed our little affair pretty well, though—been seen in each others company but very little. No one suspects but what I am an honest miner, and Barrs an industrious speculator—ready to turn his hand to anything that will bring him in a penny. They're about right there too. Ha, ha! And my little mining operation has brought me in a nice little sum. (*lightning*) The two men I've kept at work have added a nice little sum to my account. (*thunder*) What a night. (*rain*) I should not like to be caught out in such a deluge.

Enter Barrs, R.

Bless my soul! Did you rain down? Why! there's not a feather ruffled. Sit down.

Barrs. (both drink) I left my coat and umbrella in the hall; but why do I find you shut up here alone? You got the note I sent you, of course?

Coyle. Your note? No, I have not received it.

Barrs. (jumping up) What! did you not receive a note from me last night?

Coyle. I certainly did not. Please explain.

Barrs. It means, then, that I've got to look out for my neck. I was a fool for ever trusting it to that boy. I should have seen you instead. If it is destroyed, I do not care. I hope the little brat made it into wads for his pop-gun.

Coyle. Well, well, ten to one, it is where it will never be discovered. It is destroyed, probably. What was in it that frets you so?

Barrs. Enough, I should say. If that letter falls into any bodies hand, I should, straightway have an invitation to a neck-tie sociable, down at Windsor. You see partner, Bill Butterfly's got a soft little job there at Rutland, so he wanted me to meet him there at the "Coffee House," this morning. I hadn't time to come and find you, so I wrote you a note, and sent it by 'squire Deans little imp of the gutter. I told you to take your traps, and meet us at the "notch." You see Bill got his plans all laid for a little bonfire. Well, after I arrived at the "Coffee House," we started for the place of meeting, after waiting there until the middle of the afternoon, and you not putting in an appearance, I knew something must be wrong, so we "put the case over," as the lawyers say, and I hastened back, and here I am.

(*lightning*)

Coyle. Ha, ha, ha! So I see; but I fail to see any great cause to fear.

Barrs. But you haven't heard the worst, in that letter I happened to mention making a hole in a certain chap. Fool, that I was. *(thunder)*

Coyle. Away with all such fears. Time enough for the fox to run, after the hounds start. *(goes to cupboard)* Here's something that will put new courage into you. *(puts bottle and glasses on table)*

Barrs. Well, that's what we've got to have. I tell you old pard, the sooner we finish our business in this section, and take up our quarters in some other locality, the better it will be for our necks.

Coyle. Ha, ha, ha! *(fills and hands glass)* Here, try this. *(both drink)* I'm agreed—when shall we move?

Barrs. *(lightens)* At once—Old Greene is getting suspicious of me. It's no use waiting longer. *(thunder)* And it is clear to my mind, that those girls will never be ours by fair means, and if that is so they shall by foul, or one of them, at least. By my faith, Coyle, I don't believe you care a fig for Rose.

Coyle. Well to tell the truth, I don't. If she had some money, 'twould make a difference, and furthermore, I think one will be enough to manage Bother, Rose Cranberry? I'll help you off with the other one if you can get her. Then let's get out of these diggins, or we may get "panned out." I'll take my share of the money, and let the girl take care of herself; but what is your plan?

Barrs. This: to-morrow night—you know, being the night before the fourth, I'll go up to old Greene's and spend the evening. I'll induce Mabel to walk with me in the moon-light, under the elms. We'll stroll down by the spring, I'll put a cap over her mouth, and hand her into a carriage, which you shall have there, and away we go. *(lightning—thunder)*

Coyle. That seems to mean business—so do we; but really, that must have struck close by. Oh, it's a fearful night—Just the time to plan for deeds of darkness. If it is like this to-morrow night, your cake will be dough.

Barrs. Depend upon it, this won't last long. It'll be all clear in the morning. You won't fail me Brandon?

Coyle. Did I ever? No, I'll be the last one to back, now. My courage improves with practice, and besides it's agoing to make quite a difference in my financial matters. You've got ten thousand dollars of the old man's money. Half of that's mine, and then you'll do the handsome by me for helping to get the girl.

Barrs. *(laughs)* Don't scheme too close on a fellow. Bran, my place will be a ticklish one; but I'll do the square.

Coyle. Of course you will. Come fill up again, before you go out. *(fills both glasses)* Here's success.

Barrs. *(lightning)* Here's luck to chloroform, gags and a steady nerve.

(both drink—thunder)

CURTAIN.

SCENE THIRD—Farmer Greene's parlor.

Enter Tim, R., scratching his head.

Tim. Them telegraphs are kinder curus things. I never could see 'zactly how they worked. I was down tu the depot, this arternoon, an' they had one o' the consarns on the table there. It looked as much like a big parin' machine as anythin'. A feller, he sot there, and kept haulin' a strip of paper out o' the'r machine, and all the time it kept up a tarnal racket—sounded like an old gobler, pickin' up corn out o' a tin pan. Arter a while, the feller gin me a letter, an said take thet up tu Mr. Greene. So

I hastened up with all dispatch. Now, what beats me is this: it said some one was comin' on the late train, tu spend the fourth with us. Didn't have no name on it, nor nothin'. I don't see who'n thunder 'tis. S'pose we've got tu wait an' see. I hope that darned skunk in t'other room will continue tu hang 'round a spell longer. Won't there be lively times afore this night's through? (*laughs*) Shouldn't wonder it this (*takes letter from pocket*) dispatch opened some folks eyes some. I found it right on the bridge when I'se goin' down to the post-office. Seein's there wan't no name on't I thought I'd cabbage it. I've kept mum, but I'll make it hot fer thet cuss in t'other room, afore another hour rolls over his head. It's time Rose was here now. I don't see what the reason is, she hasn't come. I'd a gone myself, only I wanted tu keep my eye on Simon Barrs. Besides, the journey's just what suited Rose, tu a T. Wouldn't he like to get his fingers on this? (*reads*) "Partner, follow, and meet me at the Notch, at once. Bill is on a new scent, and we may be able to pluck a brand from the burning. Then we'll return, and close accounts with old Greene. I'll give him credit of being a blind old fool, and credit myself with ten thousand dollars and the girl. That will probably end my business with the Greene family. Well, twice is about enough to open your ledger in such business, with one firm. Wouldn't my wife, that is to be, caress me, if she knew it was me, who let day-light into her brother Frank? But time's up, and I must start. Follow close upon my heels, and we'll be back in time to finish up business here. S. B." S. B.—Swindlin' Bull-frog. Yes, so I see. I'm glad ye got back in time. Shouldn't wonder, old feller, if the next account you opened, was with the town constable

Enter Rose R.

Rose Ha, ha, ha! But wouldn't I make a professional? I'm almost tempted to try it, my first effort was so successful. Ha, ha, ha!

Tim. What'n thunder ails ye? When'd you git back?

Rose. Oh! but won't we have some fun now? Tim: Brandon Coyle is in the hands of a keeper. The sheriff and his three deputies will make all haste and will soon arrive. As I passed through the sitting room, I saw the handle of this, (*shows revolver*) peeping out of his coat. I had such a good opportunity that I could not withstand the temptation. As I passed him, I tripped, and caught on the back of his chair, and at the same time caught this, made my excuse and here I am. Wasn't it a good joke though?

Tim. As he is quite liable tu have occasion tu miss it, I must say it was. (*puts his arm around and kisses her*) So was thet.

Rose. Tim, how dare you, when I've got a revolver?

Tim. Kill me quick, I'm tew sweet tu live.

Enter Hazel Greene, R., followed by Simon Barrs.—Rose conceals revolver.

Greene. Pshaw, pshaw! not a word—I won't listen. The night's warm and we've got tu wait fer our unknown friend, and you shall stay, and keep us company: so no more objections.

Barrs. But, Mr. Greene, I do not wish to intrude.

Greene. You won't, not a bit. Mabel seems inclined tu prefer the old roof in preference tu any young man's inducements, an' I guess I shall let the gal do as she is a mind tu. She always has—pretty near; but you can keep me company.

Rose. Yes, Mr. Barrs, stop a while, we're expecting visitors.

Barrs. If such be your wish of course I cannot refuse.

Enter Mabel, R.

Miss Greene—Mabel, why must I endure your presence, when I listen in vain for one encouraging word, from your lips?

Mabel. Simon Barrs, why renew this conversation? I have told you many times, that your case is hopeless. Pray never refer to the subject

again, in my presence, for I shall never marry you. I am the promised wife of Hart Hawkins.

Barrs. Then you're the promised wife of a dead man. He's food for the fishes, long ago. You will never see his face again; but if he was alive, he'd never come to claim you. He was as false as the wind that blows.

Enter Hart Hawkins, L.

Hawk. Simon Barrs, you lie!

Barrs. (aghast) Hart Hawkins! you here?

Mab. Alive, alive! Oh! Hart!

(rushes to his arms)

Hawk. Yes, Simon Barrs, I'm here to help block your little game. I have learned all. Thank heaven, I am in season. Villian, that you are!

Barrs. Have a care, Hawkins, that's hard talk.

Greene. That's an insult, Mr. Hawkins, and don't you dare repeat it in my house, unless you have the proof.

Barrs. Mr. Greene, let me look on the man's face, that dare say he can prove me to be a villian or a liar.

Tim. If that's what yer a hankerin' arter, just cast yer optics on my countenance.

Greene. Tim, explain yourself, sir.

(starting)

Barrs. Will you allow the rabble of that idiot to have any bearing, sir?

Tim. Hold on squire, I've no doubt you'd murder us all, if you could—seein' it's right in your line o' business.

Barrs. Fool, swallow those words, or I'll shoot you as I would a dog! (puts his hand in pocket for revolver—Rose steps up presents and cocks revolver)

Rose. Face your own music, Mr. Barrs. Tim, go on. (all are astonished)

Tim. Friend Greene, listen to this letter, which came into my possession rather unexpectedly. (reads letter—Rose keeps revolver pointed at Barrs)

Hawk. So, this is your game, is it? I thought I was posted; but here is a little episode in your miserable career, with which I was heretofore unacquainted.

Greene. (very excited) So this is the viper, I've nourished in my bosom. Inhuman monster that you are! I've been warned of you long before; but fool that I was, those friendly words of warning were thrown aside for the flattering words, which came from your oily tongue. You, the murderer of my dear boy! Oh, let me get at him! (starts for Barrs; but is held back by Mabel)

Mab. Father, do not stain your hands with blood. (to Barrs) Miserable man, may a just God have mercy on you—I cannot

Barrs. Ha, ha! I see you've found me out; but don't fancy you'll get any revenge out of me. Good evening. (attempts to exit, L.—Rose advances)

Rose. Not another step or I fire!

Barrs. Confusion! I forgot you.

(Tim goes, L., and calls outside)

Tim. Men, are you there? (policemen's rattles outside, R., L. and C.) Ye see, 'squire, we've made preparations for this little tea-party. Ye can't git away—the pickets outside are tew numerous.

Barrs. I see my little game is balked at every turn; but I'll never be taken alive. Think not that you will ever see your intended victim dangle from the end of a halter. (to Rose) You have one weapon; but I have this left, (draws dirk) and with it I'll send my guilty soul to meet the many victims of my bloody crimes. (stabs himself,—falls C.—Mabel screams and nearly faints; but is supported by Hawkins)

TABLEAU.

Rose and Tim, L., Hawkins and Mabel, R., Greene, R. C.

CURTAIN.

SCENE FOURTH—*Same as Scene first Act first—Mr. and Mrs. Greene enter R. as the curtain rises.*

Mrs. G. Husband, I trust that the tragic scene of last evening, will prove a warning to us all. What if our only child, had fallen a victim to that man?

Greene. Oh wife! call him not a man; but rather a fiend, in human form, and wife, let the lesson be for me alone. When I look back upon the last three years, I shudder to think of the dangers to which, in my own blind folly, I have been exposed, and which, had it not been for the hidden hand of fate, would surely have proved our ruin.

Mrs. G. Yee, Hazel, and let us be thankful our misfortunes are what they are, rather than what they threatened to be.

Greene. Our experience, wife, has been dearly bought; but my old heart was never brighter, than on this beautiful anniversary of our national independence. The love of money has nearly proved our ruin; but henceforth I will ever bear in mind the old proverb, "All is not gold that glitters."

Enter Tim, L., wiping face with sleeve—hat in other hand.

Tim. Whem! It's hotter'n Floriday, and the merskeeters'll chaw a feller up, by'm-by. We had quite a surprise party last night—didn't, we Mr. Greene? Jimminy! but that miserable galoot got disgusted with himself pretty puick, when he found his bread, was buttered side down, didn't he?

Mrs. G. Timothy, remember he's gone where the wicked cease from troubling.

Tim. Well, I don't know 'bout thet. If I had done what he has, I should expect to land right in the equitoria regions of Hell, and if I's goin tu write tu him, there's where I should address my communication. At any rate, I'm glad he's paid his own fare. He has saved the state of Vermont, five hundred dollars, clean cash.

Enter Mabel and Hawkins, R.

Mab. Now, sir, you shall explain your sudden appearance among us.

Tim. Yes, tell us where'n thunder you've been.

Greene. (*Coming forward, takes Hawkins by the hand.*) Mr. Hawkins, we are all anxious to hear an account of your wanderings; but first of all, let me ask your pardon, for sending you away, for I did do it—a word from me would have kept you here.

Hawk. Never mind friend Greene, that is past, and besides, it is better that it was so. You know I left on board a merchant vessel: well, in due course of time we put into the port of Melbourne, and as large numbers were going to the mines, I procured my discharge from the merchant service, determined to try my luck, with many others, in the gold mines of Ballarat. I bought a claim for a mere trifle, that had been abandoned, and went to work. After I had been there a short time, I thought I would let my friends know, if possible, where I was. I wrote a letter to Mabel, giving a full account of my adventures, up to the time, and telling her I would write again, whenever a favorable opportunity presented.

Mab. You did write to me then; but I never received it.

Hawk. Quite likely. I knew the chances were in favor of its never reaching you, as all the mail was sent on the ocean steamers, plying between Australia, the Feejee and Sandwich islands, and connecting with San Francisco. Although the Pacific rail road is now completed, at that time it was in its infancy, and the mail conveyances across the far west, were quite uncertain. Well, as I said, I went to work in the mines. I worked early and late for eighteen months. At first I got discouraged, poor luck faced me every day; but at last there was a change. As I sunk deeper into the earth, the yellow dust grew plenty. I worked with renewed energy—determined that if it was gold that advanced a man's standing in the world, I would never rest content until I had it.

Greene. Hawkins, my boy, I have at last found out—though sad has been my experience—that Clarinda was right, a man should not be judged by the clothes he wears, or perchance, the fortune he inherited; but never earned.

Hawk. Do not mistake my meaning, friend Greene. I never wish to deceive the world in regard to my ability, humble though it be; but to continue: at the end of a year and a half, I sold my claim, and sailed for Sydney. While wandering through the streets of that town, one day, I saw a carriage, drawn by a pair of furious horses, dashing up the street at full speed. It was the work of a moment to plant myself in front of them, and as they were about to pass, I caught them by the bits, and after being dragged a long distance, brought them to a stop.

Mrs G. Laud o' massy, boy! Weren't you hurt?

Hawk. I was somewhat. My ankle was fractured, and I fainted as soon as the horses were safe. When I came to myself, I was at "Government House," and soon learned that I had rescued the Governor General of New South Wales, and his invalid daughter. As soon as I was able, I wrote you again, Mabel.

Mab. That I never received.

Hawk. Of that I am aware, but it did not miscarry. It fell into the hands of Simon Barrs. How, it matters not now; but it was found this morning among his effects.

Greene. Oh, the villian!

Tim. Oh, the miserable snake!

Enter Rose L., fanning herself with hat.

Rose, Why do you agitate the air so? Is it hot?

Rose. You bet it is—just a little around the edges. Ah, good morning, Mr. Hawkins, I hope you are well, after the exciting scene of last evening. I think I'll apply for a position on the police force. Wasn't he astonished to see his own weapon looking him in the face? Ha, ha, ha!

Hawk. I congratulate you, Miss Rose, upon the way you managed. Had he not been completely cornered he might have given us trouble unawares. As for my health, I assure you, it never was better; (*turning to Greene*) but for the rest of my story, Mr. Greene. When I found myself at "Government House, with a fractured limb, I requested to be moved to a hotel; but the old general would not listen to my entreaty. I received every attention that it was possible to suggest, and when I had sufficiently recovered, the old gentleman surprised me by appointing me his private secretary, at a good salary. This position I now hold, if I return soon to the duties of the offices. It rests with you whether I go or not.

Greene. Then I say you sha'n't go. I've drove you off once, and now we'll keep you if we have to tie you up.

Tim. I say, friend Greene, if you tie him up with the right kind of a knot, I guess he'll stay.

Mab. Tim!

Rose. (*stamping*) Tim!

Greene. Ha, ha, ha! I see, I see. Clarinda, from this day, I'll be a different man. I'll worship, no more the god of gold; but here, content in the bosom of my own family, surrounded by loving acts, and kind sympathy, I'll pass the remainder of life's voyage, in quietness, and peace, and we can celebrate the birthday of our nation in no more befitting way than by making happy the young hearts around us.

Mrs G. Yes, yes, you dear old soul! Let me anticipate what you would say, and assure you of my heart-felt encouragement.

Greene. Hart, my boy, once I thought I made a mistake, when I promised you this dear girl; but I've seen my error, and I hope you'll forgive me and now take the prize, which I've withheld from you so long.

Hawk. Friend Greene, the past shall be forgotten. That your intentions were good I never for a moment doubted, and again let me thank you for

the promise you have just given. I assure you, all that money can do for the advancement of your daughter's happiness, will be done.

Greene. My boy you say you are rich; for this, I am truly glad. (*to Tim*) Tim, you've been like an own son to me, and as this young couple have money enough of their own, and will soon make for themselves a home, you'll stay with us, and when we're gone, the old farm shall be all yours.

Tim. If such is your wish, farm or no farm, I'll never leave you, and my thanks, though they come from a heart that is rough, are none the less sincere; but, I say Rose, hadn't we better have one o' them knots tied, thet I was mentioning?

Rose. The sooner, the better to suit me. Somehow this proverb keeps running in my mind: "never put off 'til to-morrow, what can be done to-day."

Tim. Good! This evening shall see me a happy man of family.

Greene. Hart, Mabel—children, I think you've waited long enough. (*kisses her*) Why not further celebrate the day by a double wedding?

Tim. Yes, friend Hawkins, let's enlist for life, together—'twon't cost a darned cent more.

Hawk. I leave the matter in these dear hands. Her wish shall be my law.

Mab. (*archly*) Then let's make but one job of it.

Greene. Then to-night shall see us all, a happy band, bound by a tie, stronger and more precious than gold—the silken cord of love. Hart, my boy, as I give my only remaining child, into your keeping, I ask that you will profit by my sad experience, and never cast aside the love of true and honest hearts, for the sordid love of gold.

Journeying down the river of life, should our bark

Be tossed on a crest,

Let us put down the helm, with a steadfast arm,
And enter the haven of rest.

Mrs. G. Or if angry breakers beset our way, let our
Courage never abate,

For with honest hearts and noble deeds,

We shall reach the pearly gate.

Mab. Our moral surely's plain and clear,

To every one assembled here.

Hawk. Well then, my dear, if that is so,

A word to our friends before they go.

Rose. What shall it be? Stop! let me think.

(Take care, Tim, you needn't wink.)

We thank you all for your kind applause,

And the interest you've taken in our cause.

Tim. And when're you chance to pass this way,

Just give us a call, in a friendly way,

And we'll gladden your visions, whenever you pass,

With little editions of Cranberry sass.

TIM. ROSE. GREENE. MRS. GREENE. HAWKINS. MABEL.

R.

CURTAIN.

L.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

40. *THAT MYSTERIOUS BUNDLE.* A Farce in one act, by Hattie Lena Lambla. 2 male, 2 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scenery, a plain room. A Variety peice, yet can be performed by Amatuers, etc. A Mysterious bundle figures in this farce, which contains a——. Time of performance, 20 minutes.

41. *WON AT LAST.* A Comedy Drama in 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve, 7 male, 3 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery, drawing-room, street and office. Every character is good. Jennie Hight starred on the character of "Constance" in this play. Amatuers can produce it. Time of performance, 1 hour 45 minutes.

42. *DOMESTIC FELICITY.* A Farce in one act, by Hattie Lena Lambla, 1 male, 1 female character. Costumes modern. Scene, a dining-room. The name fully describes the piece. Very funny. Time of performance, fifteen minutes.

43. *ARRAH DE BAUGH.* A Drama in 5 acts, by F. C. Kinnaman, 7 male, 5 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes, exteriors and interiors. A most exquisite love story in a play, abounding in scenes of great beauty. The depth of woman's love is beautifully shown. Time of performance about two hours.

44. *OBEDIENCE, OR TOO MINDFUL BY FAR.* A Comedietta in one act, by Hattie Lena Lambla, 1 male, 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes, plain room and bed room. An old fellow who thinks he is very sick, becomes vely peevish and particular. A plot is formed to break him of his foolishness. Very amusing. Time of performance twenty minutes.

45. *ROCK ALLEN THE ORPHAN, OR LOST AND FOUND.* A Comedy Drama in one act, by W. Henri Wilkins, 5 male, 3 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes interiors. Time, during the Rebellion. This play represents the real "deown east" characters to perfection. An old man and woman are always quarreling, and their difficulties are very amusing. Time of performance, one hour and twenty minutes.

46. *MAN AND WIFE.* A Drama in five acts, by H. A. Webber, 12 male, 7 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery exteriors and interiors. This drama is one of intense interest and is a faithful dramatization of Wilkie Collins' story of the same name. This is said by competant critics to be the best dramatization published, and it should be in the hands of every dramatic company in the country. It has become a great favorite.

47. *IN THE WRONG BOX.* An Ethiopean Farce in one act, by M. A. D. Clifton, 3 male characters. Costumes, peddler's and darkey's dilapidated dress. Scene, a wood. Characters represented, a darkey, an Irishman and a Yankee. Time of performance twenty minutes.

48. *SCHNAPPS.* A Dutch Farce in one act, M. A. D. Clifton, 1 male, 1 female character. Costumes, burlesque German. Scene, a plain room. A neat little piece for two Dutch players, introducing songs and dances. Time of performance, 15 to 30 minutes, at the pleasure of the performers.

49. *DER TWO SUBPRISES.* A Dutch Farce in one act, by M. A. D. Clifton, 1 male, 1 female character. Costumes, peasant's, and old man's and old woman's dress. Scene, a kitchen. A very neat little sketch, introducing songs and dances. Time of performance, about twenty minutes.

50. *HAMLET.* A Tragedy in five acts, by Shakespeare, 15 male, 3 female characters. Probably no other play by the immortal Shakespeare is produced as frequently as this one. It needs no description. Time of performance about two hours and thirty minutes.

51. *RESCUED.* A Temperance Drama in two acts, by Clayton H. Gilbert, 5 male, 3 female characters. This play visibly depicts the dangerous consequences of falling into bad company, the follies of the intoxicating bowl, and shows that even the pure love of a noble girl will be sacrificed to the accursed appetite. The solemn scenes are balanced by the funny portions, and all in all the play is a grand success. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors some neatly and some handsomely furnished. Time of performance one hour.

52. *HENRY GRANDEN.* A Drama in three acts, by Frank Lester Bingham, 11 male, 8 female characters. This drama is sensational in a high degree, abounding in thrilling scenes among the Indians, hair breadth escapes, etc. It should be purchased by every dramatic company that wish something to suit the public. Costumes not hard to arrange. Time of performance two hours.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

53. *OUT IN THE STREETS*. A Temperance Drama in three acts, by S. N. Cook, 6 male, 4 female characters. Wherever this drama has been produced it has been received with the greatest enthusiasm. Listeners have been melted to tears at the troubles of Mrs. Bradford, and in the next scene been convulsed with laughter at the drolleries of North Carolina Pete. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors. Time of performance, about one hour.

54. *THE TWO T. J.'s*. A Farce in one act, by Martin Beecher, 4 male, 2 female characters. Costumes of the day; scene an ordinary room. This is a capital farce and has two male characters excellent for light and low comedians. Good parts also for old and young lady. Time of performance thirty minutes.

55. *SOMEBODY'S NOBODY*. A Farce in one act and one scene, by C. A. Maltby, 3 male, 2 female characters. Scene, interior. Easily arranged in any parlor or hall, as it can be produced without scenery. Costumes modern with the exception of Dick Mizzle's which is hostler's and afterwards extravagant fashionable. This most laughable farce was first produced at the Drury Lane Theater, London, where it had a run of one hundred and fifty consecutive nights. It is all comic, and has excellent parts for old man, walking gent, low comedy, walking lady and chambermaid. Time of performance, 30 minutes.

56. *WOOLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES*. A Farce in one act and one scene, by John T. Douglass, 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, handsomely furnished apartment. Costumes of the day. Probably no poor fellow ever wooed under more distressing difficulties than the one in this farce. It all comes about through a serious misunderstanding. A crusty old man, and a quarrelsome and very important servant go to make the farce extremely funny. Time of performance thirty minutes.

57. *PADDY MILES' BOY*. An Irish Farce in one act, by James Pilgrim, 5 male, 2 female characters. Scenes, exteriors and interiors. Costumes eccentric, and Irish for Paddy. Probably there is not an Irish farce published so often presented as this one, but it is always a favorite and is always received with great applause. Time of performance 35 minutes.

58. *WRECKED*. A Temperance play in two acts, by A. D. Ames, 9 male, 3 female characters. Scenes, drawing room, saloon, street and jail. Costumes modern. The lessons learned in this drama are most excellent. The language is pure, containing nothing to offend the most refined ear. From the comfortable home and pleasant fireside, it follows the downward course of the drunkard to the end. All this is followed by counterfeiting, the death of the faithful wife caused by a blow from the hand of a drunken husband, and finally the death of the drunkard in the madhouse. Time of performance about one hour.

59. *SAVED*. A Temperance Sketch in two acts, by Edwin Tardy, 2 male, 3 female characters. Scenes, street and plain room. Nicely adapted to amateurs, Time of performance twenty minutes.

60. *DRIVEN TO THE WALL, OR TRUE TO THE LAST*. A Play in four acts, by A. D. Ames. 10 male and 3 female characters. For beauty of dialogue, startling situations, depths of feeling there is none on the American Stage superior to this one. The plot is an exceedingly deep one, and the interest begins with the first speech, and does not for a moment cease until the curtain falls on the last scene of the last act. The cast is small and the costumes easily arranged. It can be played on any stage. It has parts for Leading Emotional Lady, Juvenile Lady, Leading Man, Villain, Character Old Man. First Old Man, Comedy, etc.

61. *NOT AS DEAF AS HE SEEMS*. An Ethiopian Farce in one act. 2 male characters. Scene, a plain room. Costumes exaggerated and comic. Extremely ridiculous and funny. Time of performance 15 minutes.

62. *TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM*. A Temperance Play in five acts, by Wm. W. Pratt, from T. S. Arthur's novel of the same name—7 male, 3 female characters. This edition is rewritten, containing many new points, and is the best ever presented to the public. Nothing need be said in its praise, as it is too well known. It is often played, and always successfully. Time of performance about two hours.

63. *THREE GLASSES A DAY*, Or, The Broken Home. A grand Moral and Temperance Drama, in two acts, by W. Henri Wilkins, 4 male, 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors. First-class characters for Leading Man, Villain, a genuine down-cast Yankee, which is also very funny; also Leading Lady, and a tip-top Comedy Lady. If a company wishes something with an excellent moral, at the same time running over with genuine humor, buy this. Time of performance about one hour and thirty minutes.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

64. *THAT BOY SAM.* An Ethiopian Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler. 3 male, 1 female character. Scene, a plain room and common furniture. Costumes, comic, to suit the characters. Very funny, and effectually gives the troubles of a "colored gal" in trying to have a beau, and the pranks of "that boy Sam." Time of performance twenty minutes.

65. *AN UNWELCOME RETURN.* A Comic Interlude, in one act, by Geo. A. Munson. 3 male, 1 female character. Scene, a dining room. Costumes modern. Companies will find this a very amusing piece, two negroes being very funny—enough so to keep an audience in the best of humor. Time of performance, twenty minutes.

66. *HANS, THE DUTCH J. P.* A Dutch Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler, 3 male, 1 female character. An exceedingly funny piece. Hans figures as a Justice in the absence of his master, and his exploits are extremely ludicrous. Costumes modern. Scene, plain room. Time of performance, twenty minutes.

67. *THE FALSE FRIEND.* A Drama in two acts, by Geo. S. Vautrot. 6 male, 1 female character. Simple scenery and costumes. First class characters for leading man, old man, villain, a rollicking Irishman, etc. also a good leading lady. This drama is one of thrilling interest, and dramatic companies will invariably be pleased with it. Time of performance, one hour and forty-five minutes.

68. *THE SHAM PROFESSOR.* A Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler. 4 male characters. This intensely funny afterpiece can be produced by any company. The characters are all first class, and the "colored individual" is especially funny. Scene, a plain room. Costumes, simple. Time of performance, about twenty minutes.

69. *MOTHER'S FOOL.* A Farce in one act, by W. Henri Wilkins. 6 male, 1 female character. Like all of Mr. Wilkins' plays, this is first class. The characters are all well drawn, it is very amusing, and proves an immense success wherever produced. Scene, a simple room. Costumes modern. Time of performance, thirty minutes.

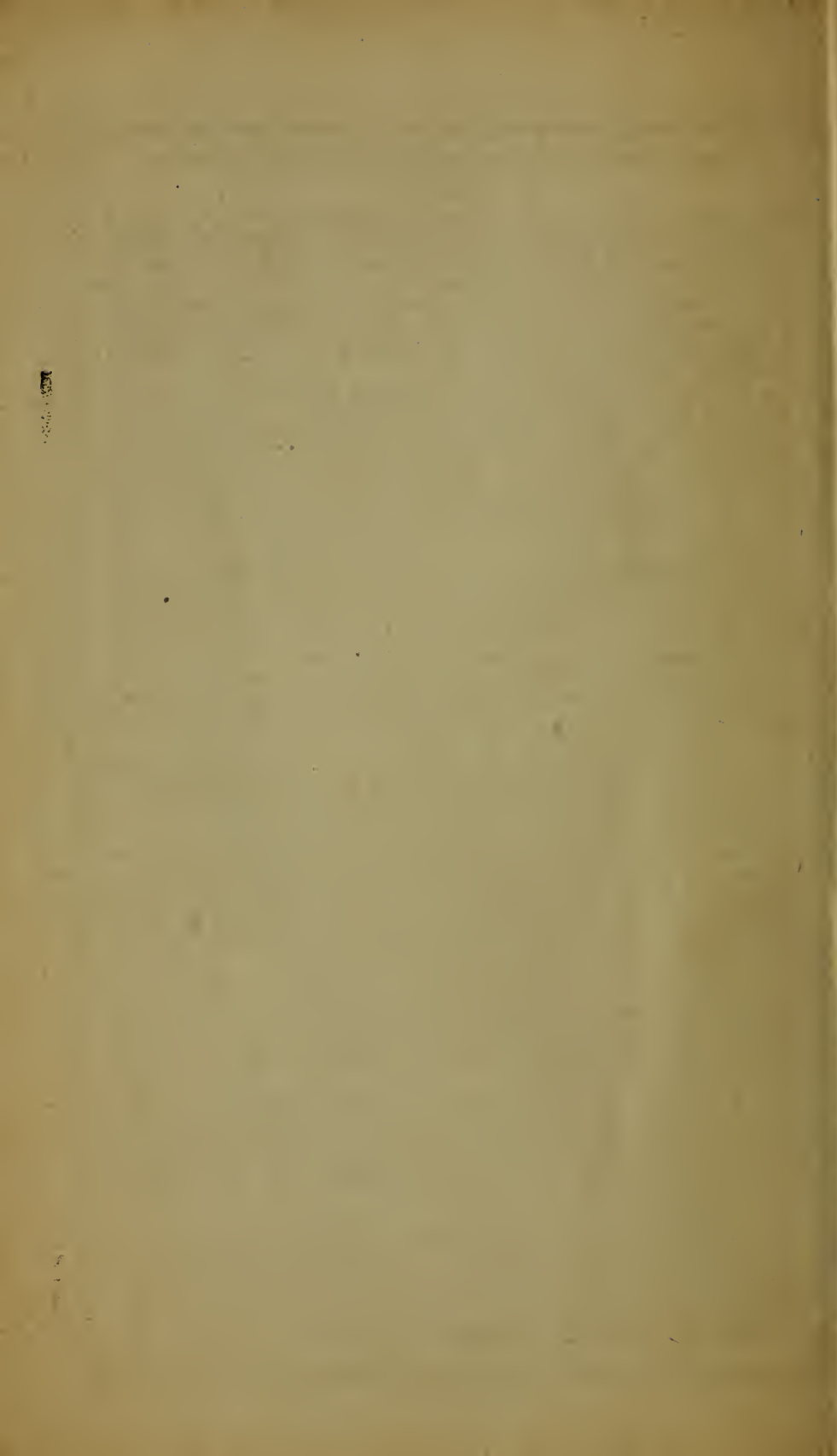
70. *WHICH WILL HE MARRY.* A Farce in one act, by Thomas Egerton Wilks. 2 male, 8 female characters. Scene, a street. Costumes modern. Easily arranged on any stage. A barber hears that one of eight women has fallen heir to some money, not knowing which, he makes love to them all. This, together with the revenge the females have upon him, will prove laughable enough to suit any one. Time of representation, thirty minutes.

71. *THE REWARD OF CRIME, OR THE LOVE OF GOLD.* A Drama of Vermont, in two acts, by W. Henri Wilkins. 5 male, 3 female characters. A drama from the pen of this author is sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Characters for old man, 1st and 2d heavy men, juvenile. A splendid Yankee, lively enough to suit any one. Old woman, juvenile woman, and comedy. Costumes modern. Scene, plain rooms and street. Time of performance, one hour and thirty minutes. Easily placed upon the stage, and a great favorite with amateurs.

72. *THE DEUCE IS IN HIM.* A Farce in one act, by R. J. Raymond. 5 male, 1 female character. Scene, a plain room. Costumes modern. This farce is easily arranged, and can be produced on any stage, in fact, in a parlor. The pranks of the doctor's boy will keep an audience in roars of laughter, every line being full of fun. Time of performance, thirty minutes. Order this, and you will be pleased.

73. *AT LAST.* A Temperance Drama in three acts, by G. S. Vautrot. 7 male 1 female character. This is one of the most effective temperance plays ever published. Good characters for leading man, 1st and 2d villain, a detective, old man, a Yankee, and a capital negro, also leading lady. The temptations of city life are faithfully depicted, the effects of gambling, strong drink, etc. Every company that orders it will produce it. Costumes modern. Scene, Mobile. Time of performance, one hour and thirty minutes.

74. *HOW TO TAME YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW.* A Farce in one act, by Henry J. Byron. 4 male, 2 female characters. Scene, parlor, supposed to be in the rear of a grocers shop. Costumes modern. Whiffles the proprietor of the grocery, has a mother-in-law who is always interfering with his business. Various expedients are resorted to to cure her—a mutual friend is called in who, by the aid of various disguises frightens the old lady nearly to death, finally Whiffles gets on a "ge-lorious drunk," and at last triumphs. A perfect success. Time of performance, thirty-five minutes.



AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

16. *THE SERF*. A Tragedy, in five acts, by R. Talbot Esq.. 6 males, 3 female characters. Good parts for 1st and 2nd Tragedian, and Tragic lady. The character of Ossip is very powerfully drawn. The history of his early love—of his marriage—the indignities he is made to suffer, and the death of his wife, is highly wrought; and his sarcastic levity and deep revenge are unfolded with a terrible earnestness. Scene, apartments in castle. Time about 2 hours and a half.

17. *HINTS ON ELOCUTION AND HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR*. This valuable work has just been published, and contains valuable instructions that amateur actors, and every one that ever expect to make a favorable appearance in public, cannot do without it. It teaches you how to become a good and efficient reader, reciter, debater, a good actor, how to hold an audience silent, and treats on every subject that is necessary to be acquired in order to become a good and pleasing actor.

18. *THE POACHER'S DOOM*. A Drama in 3 acts, curtailed and arranged by A. D. Ames, 8 male, and 3 female characters. A thrilling drama, always a favorite. Leading man, villain, two comedies, old man, leading lady, comely lady, etc. Costumes modern. The situations in this play, are most excellent. Time of performance, 1 hour and a half.

19. *DID I DREAM IT?* A Farce in one act by J. P. Wooler. 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, drawing room. The question "Did I Dream it" is what the farce is founded upon. Very strange things happen, and a nice little love scrape helps to color the plot. A good piece. Costumes simple. Time of performance 45 minutes.

20. *A TICKET OF LEAVE*. A Farce in one act, by Watts Phillips, 3 male, 2 female characters. A play written by this author is sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Scene, a sitting room, plain furniture. Costumes modern. Time of performance, 35 minutes. This is an excellent farce.

21. *A ROMANTIC ATTACHMENT*. A Comedietta in one act, by Arthur Wood, 3 male, 3 female characters. A most excellent little play, well adapted for school exhibitions, lodges, amateurs, etc. The scenery is simple, being a plain room, is always a favorite with every company which plays it. Time of performance, 35 minutes.

22. *CAPTAIN SMITH*. A Farce in one act, by E. Barrie, 3 male, 3 female characters. This excellent little farce is equally well adapted for school exhibitions, etc., as No. 21. The dialogue is sparkling, not a dull speech from beginning to end. The plot simple, the piece easily performed. Scene, a plain room. Costumes modern. Time of performance, 30 minutes.

23. *MY HEARTS IN THE HIGHLANDS*. A Farce in one act, by William Brough and Andrew Halliday, 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, exterior of house in the Highlands. Costumes, simple Highland. This farce is easily produced and very effective is full of fun, caused by the mishaps of two characters, who go from the city to the country, and do not know a pig from a roebuck, nor a turkey from an ostrich. Time of performance, 25 minutes.

24. *HANDY ANDY*. An Ethiopian Farce in one act, 2 male characters. Scene, a kitchen. Costumes, exaggerated and comic. The difficulties in procuring a good and suitable servant are most ludicrously set forth in this farce. Time of performance, 20 minutes.

25. *SPORT WITH A SPORTSMAN*. An Ethiopian Farce, in one act, 2 male characters. Costumes, exaggerated sportsman's dress, and boyish dress. Scene, a wood. Time of representation, 20 minutes. A tip top negro farce.

26. *THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS*. A Drama in one act, by William Dimond, 9 male, 4 female characters. Scene in-door and forest. Costumes, Swiss. Rosalvi, the hunter of the Alps leaves his home to procure provisions to keep his wife and children from starving, meets Felix, a lord, and demands, and finally implores of him money. Felix moved with compassion gives him money and goes with him to his hut, and there discovers they are brothers. There is some fine comedy in it. The story is beautifully told. Time of performance 1 hour.

27. *FETTER LANE TO GRAVESEND*. An Ethiopian Farce in one act, 2 male characters. Scene, plain room. Costume, exaggerated and comic. The two characters, Ike and Hystericks are very funny, and will keep an audience in roars of laughter. Short, easily produced, and a tip top farce. Time of performance 15 minutes.



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AMEN'S STANDARD AND M

28. *THIRTY-THREE NEXT BIRTHDAY.*

Madison Morton, 4 male, 2 female characters. Arranged. Costumes to suit the characters. The appreciation, and is a good one as are all of Madison Morton's plays. The comedy characters are excellent. Time of performance, 35 minutes.

29. *THE PAINTER OF GHENT.* A Play in one act, by Douglass Jerrold, 5 male, 2 female characters. Scene in Ghent. Costumes of the country and period. This is a beautiful play of the tragic order. The character of the "Painter of Ghent" is one of grandeur and fine language. He becomes insane at the loss of children, and being a painter, paints their portraits from memory. A daughter whom he supposes dead, returns to him, and he recovers. A grand play. Time of performance, 1 hour.

30. *A DAY WELL SPENT.* A Farce in one act, by John Oxenford, 7 male, 5 female characters. Scenery simple. Costumes, modern. Two clerks in the absence of their "boss" conclude to shut up shop, and have a spree. They get into several scrapes with the females, have numerous hair breadth escapes, and have a terrible time generally. Very amusing. Time of performance, 40 minutes.

31. *A PET OF THE PUBLIC.* A Farce in one act, by Edward Sterling, 4 male, 2 female characters. Scene, parlor. Costumes, modern. In this farce, the lady assumes four distinct characters, either of which is good. For an actress of versatility, it is a splendid piece, and amateurs can also produce it without trouble. It can either be used for a principal piece, or an afterpiece. Time of performance, 30 minutes.

32. *M. VIEL'S RELATIONS.* A Comedietta, in one act, by Walter Gordon, 4 male, 4 female characters. Scene, plain apartments. Costumes, modern. A pleasing little piece well suited to amateurs, school exhibitions, etc. A fellow marries, her relatives come to see her, are much more numerous than he has an idea of. The denouement is funny. Time of performance, 45 minutes.

33. *ON THE SLY.* A Farce in one act, by John Madison Morton, 3 male, 2 female characters. Scene, plain apartment. Costumes, modern. Husbands, don't never fall in love with your wife's dress makers—never squander your money foolishly, never do anything "on the sly," for your wives will be sure to find it out. This farce explains it all. Time of performance 45 minutes.

34. *THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.* A Melo Drama in two acts, by Charles Somerset, 7 male, 3 female characters. Scene, castle, chamber and wood. Costumes, doublets, trunks, etc. A most excellent Melo-Drama. Plenty of blood and thunder, with enough jolly, rollicking fun to nicely balance it. A great favorite with amateurs. Time of performance 1 hour and 30 minutes.

35. *HOW STOUT YOU'RE GETTING.* A Farce in one act, by John Madison Morton, 5 male, 2 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scene, a plain room. This is another of Morton's excellent farces. The comedy characters in it are nicely drawn, and it always is a favorite. Easily produced. Time of performance, 35 minutes.

36. *THE MILLER OF DERWENT WATER.* A Drama in three acts, by Edward Fitzball, 5 male, 2 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scenery, easily arranged. This is a touching little domestic drama, abounding in fine speeches, and appeals to the better feelings of one's nature. The "Miller" is an excellent old man. Two comedy characters keep the audience in good humor. Time of performance, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

37. *NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.* A Comedy, in 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve, 6 male, 5 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scenery, simple and easily arranged. Every character in this comedy is in itself a leading character, and every one very funny. Probably there is not a play in the language in which every character is so funny as this. Time of performance, 1 hour 40 minutes.

38. *THE BEWITCHED CLOSET.* A Sketch in one act, by Hattie Lena Lamba, 5 male, 2 female characters. Scene, Parson Grime's kitchen. Costumes, modern. A lover goes to see his sweetheart, hides in a closet. Old man appears on the scene, thinks the closet bewitched. They upset it. Old man is frightened—runs away. Everything right etc. Time of performance, 15 minutes.

39. *A LITTLE REVENGE.* A Drama in 3 acts, by Wm. E. Suter, 7 male, 5 female characters. Costumes, French, period 1661. Scenery, palace, and garden. Can be arranged by amateurs but is a heavy piece. A fine leading man, a heavy man, a glorious comedy, etc. Also leading lady, juvenile lady, comedy lady, etc. This drama was a favorite with Harold Forsberg. Time of performance, 2 hours and 15 minutes.

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